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Les Tours D'une Tabatiere :

OR, THE
TRAVELS and MISFORTUNES
OF THE
ENCHANTED
SNUFF-BOX:

Humbly Inscrib'd to
Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq;

*Vidi ego jactatas mota Fasse crescere Flammas,
Et rursus nullo concutiente mori. Ovid.*

From an Old Ballad.

*When the Storm is once blown over,
Strait the Nation quiet grows :
But the Man that made the Pother
Seldom is in true Repose.*

L O N D O N,
Printed for J. Baker at the Black Boy in
Pater-Noster-Row, 1710.

Price Three Pence.

es Town's Down Tabernacle :

OR THE

TRAVELS AND MISFORTUNES

OF THE

ENCHANTED

SNUFF-BOX :

Humbly Inscrib'd to



With two just and noble Faces opposite Placements,
It smokes and converses more.

From an Old Ballad.

When the storm is once blown over,
Sunk the nation quite grows;
But the man that made the ladder
Sitteth in the new sky.

L O N D O N

Printed for J. Baker at the Black Boy in
Paternoster-Row, 1770.

SIR,

IN your last you blame my long Silence, but when I have accounted for the Ramble I have made this Summer, I hope I shall at least find your Pardon. I made a Journey to *Oxford* in *June* last, on purpose, if possible, to get a Sight of a *certain Doctor*, that has of late made so much Noise in the World; but as soon as I came there, I found I had unfortunately miss'd of him, and that he began his Progress about an Hour before. My Curiosity and Eagerness to see so noted a Person, made me neglect all those of the Place so famous for Erudition, Drink and Principles. I immediately follow'd him to *Banbury*, where I overtook him just as he was entering the Town, so that I came time enough to hear the *Recorder* make that excellent Speech, so justly valu'd at its utmost Worth, a Penny. I saw the Joy of the whole People, the Splendor of the Illuminations, and the Profusion of Wine, that by a modest Computation cou'd not cost less than fifteen Shillings: The next Day there was to be a Meeting of the neighbouring Gentlemen upon the Land Tax; the *Dr.* was invited

and plac'd at the upper End of the Table: On his Left fate the *Baronets* and *Justices*, on his Right fate little *Robin* his *Assistant* (or to speak in Romantick Terms, the *Sancho* of the *Mission*): Behind him in great Gayety stood his Man *Andrew*, whose Duty it was to commend and ridicule his Master; about four Descents below the *Dr.* fate an *old Justice* with sower Countenance and a Whiggish Sneer at the End of his Nose; the *Dr.* to shew his Condescension in order to convert the Erroneous, gave him the gracious Appellation of *Kinsman*, and treated all the Company with so much Humanity, you wou'd almost have sworn he had us'd them like his Equals. Dinner over, the *Recorder* presented, or rather paid the *Dr.* more than twenty Guineas, (for the malicious World say he had a good Bill put into his Hands before) be that as it will, it serv'd for a Precedent to those that came after. In the Afternoon, the *Dr.* having finish'd his Business at *Banbury*, and dispatch'd by *Robin*, whom he deputed his *Proxy*, the Affairs of three or four great Belly'd Women, who came to him for his Benediction, (for here he did not touch in Person) was graciously pleas'd to make the *old Justice* (whom I before mention'd, and who liv'd not many Miles off) a Complement of a Visit to his Lady: He waited on him home, and treated him

him with the best the House afforded, *October* of two Years old ; the *Dr.* told him it might pass for good Small Beer, tho' by that time they had twisted it well, the Wicked thought the Tap had run *High Church*. From thence the *old Gentleman* waited on him to a Neighbour's, where it seems the Spicket run a little too high ; for here the charitable Design of Conversion, especially of the old one, began to display it self ; the *Minor Prophet* open'd the *Mission*, and told him if he was a *Whigg*, he was a *Rascal* confess'd, if not he wou'd prove him one in two Minutes ; the Softness, the Manners, the Logick were so much of a Piece, the *old Man* thought it high time to declare himself unfit for such polite Conversation ; however (the *Dr.* and the *Gentleman* interposing, and the *Justice* having learn'd the old Proverb of roasting a Cat) there was no more Noise made ; tho' some false Brethren would insinuate that Necessity and not Choice put an End to their Quarrel, for that they had drank so long, till they could speak no longer. The next Day they din'd with a *noble Peer*, to whom the *Dr.* went to return Thanks for old Favours, and as some say, to beg new ; here the *Dr.* began to display himself in his full Lustre, he saluted the *Ladies* with a gay
Air,

Air, shew'd them his *Snuff-Box*, settled the *Ministry*, dissolv'd the *Parliament*, forgave *Mr. Doiben*, and read *Aminadab* with so good a Grace, so many *Excellents* ! so many *Admirables* ! that all did him the Justice to believe it his own ; indeed there is such a *Rhapsody* in his Performances, that I must own it a little ill-natur'd in the *Managers* to accuse him of Thinking at all. After Dinner, by way of *Dessert*, he read us his *Black Bird* with so much Tenderness (especially when the good *Dame* had lost all her *Canary Birds*) that there was not a *Lady* there so much a *Sarazen* as not to express some Concern. After this, by way of Consolation, he told us of a *Cock-Robin* that would suddenly appear, and teach us all to whistle a new Tune : This was deliver'd in a grave and prophetick way, but whether inspir'd or possess'd the *Turks* pay equal Veneration to their *Santons*. Having saluted the *Ladies* the second time, and accomplish'd the great Work of his *Mission*, his next Design was upon *Warwick*, whither he had sent a special Messenger before, and consequently was met by the prodigious Multitude of at least three, and I think it was critically at the *Gallows* ; from thence they proceeded with their loud *Hazza's* in a solemn manner to the great Market-Place, where one of his new Disciples

ciples prov'd a *false Brother*, and forsook him because he did not go to his House. The *Mayor*, alarm'd at this vast *Phainomenon*, doubted some *Comet* had burst its Orb, and prov'd *Excentrick* : In haste he summonses a *Common Hall* ; sage were the Deliberations, various the Contests; some thought the *Stocks*, some the *Tavern*, but not one the *Church* a proper Place to receive him ; the *Mayor* in Imitation of the Wisdom of his *Brethren of Banbury* (for fear it should be her *Majesty's Ape*) propos'd going in their Formalities, but the Majority, (some of which were suspected for *rotten Members*) thought it fair enough to spend their Two Pence a Piece, and give the *Dr.* a Cup of *Nappy*. So to the *Wool-Pack* they came ; the *Dr.* a little sowred to be treated so familiarly, receiv'd them with a grave Air, but upon a little Recollection, brandish'd his *Snuff-Box*, and offer'd *Mr. Mayor* a Pinch ; the old Man told him indeed he never took *Snuff* himself ; but if he would give him some in a Paper, he would carry it for a Present to his *Wife* ; this infinitely oblig'd the *Doctor* ; and *Mr. Mayor*, to shew his Gratitude, call'd for a Pot of Ale, and drank his Health in a Bumper. Having mention'd so considerable a Part of the *Dr.* as his *Snuff-Box*, I am bound by the Rules of *History* to give you the Description of it ; the Matter indeed was but plain Oak, (but pretended

pretended to be part of the *Royal Oak* neatly inlaid with Silver; there you may see a young *Monarch* peeping out of a *Hollow-Tree*, and three *Airy Crowns* just dropping on his Head, with this Inscription; *Sacra Jovi Quercus*: On the Reverse was inscrib'd *Passive Obedience and Non-Resistance restor'd* in 1710, if the *Dr.* be not out in his Computation, because there were two sower *Hieroglyphicks* with *Muskets* on their Shoulders, that seem'd watching their Motion, and it is much suspected that those same *Muskets* were loaded with some *Whiggish Antimonarchical Principles*: Is not this the *Snuff-Box* out of which the *Dr.* takes, and indeed by which he divines! I ask your Pardon for this long Digression, tho' it is only with a Design to make another; the *Dr.* you must know is by Principle a *Peripatetick*, but of which *Class* it is not yet agreed, some by the *Hieroglyphicks* think him an *Egyptian*, others pronounce him a *Bethlemite*, and I can tell you for a Truth a *Cosen Bess* lays Claim to him, but since he honours the former *Society* with his Countenance, I think that is not very material. In Imitation of the *Ancients* his *Equipage* is small, tho' polite, consisting only of the *Snuff-Box* for the *Drawing-Room*, and a little *Pocket-Book* neatly bound for the *Pulpit*, at the Opening of which he has been often observ'd to put on

on so many graceful *Airs*, that the *World* began to suspect it might be *Oxford Jest*, or the ridicule of his own *Sermons*; but at last it was untuckily discover'd by a *Low Church-man* that sat in the *Gallery*, to have a *Looking-Glass* neatly fasten'd in the *Cover*; This inspired the *Dr.* and by this the *Dr.* took the *Ladies*, this gave the *Lady* (the *Noble Idea* of *Scalded Pig* in her *Complement* on the *Drs. Complexion*, and that *Yellow Varnish* that overspread it, rais'd in his Admirers the memory of the *Ignis Lambent* of the *Ancients*, elegantly rendred into *English* by the *Poet*.

And Lambent dulness play'd about his Head.

And this puts me again in *Mind* of the *Mayor*, whom I left drinking a *Brimmer* to the *Doctors Health*; it's fear'd it prov'd a little too strong for him, or perhaps there might be a *Crum* in the *Pot*, for it seems he drank his last. This rais'd such a *Combustion*, that every one shifting for himself, the *Doctor* had like to have been pawn'd for the *Reckoning*, had not a *Country Esq.* (who came in for *Gapeseed*) been drawn in for his two *Guineas*, to save the *Corporation* and the *Doctor* harmless. Our *Errant Apostles* shook the *Dust* from their *Feet*, and left this unconvertable *Town*, and in order to hasten their *Journey* went about ten *Miles* backward, as 'tis suppos'd, to gather their

Rents, it being then about *Midsummer Moon*. Here to my great dissatisfaction, I was forced upon the score of Business to leave such agreeable Company, so cannot give you an account how many *Bumpers* he drank at my L—d's, or what became of the five thousand Men, that (according to the *Post Boy*) met the *Dr.* at *Coventry*, for as far as I can inform my self, not above seventeen of them have been heard of ever since. However tho' we parted at *Warwick*, yet like his own *two Parallel Lines*, we met in a *Center* at *Litchfield*; and here our *Dr.* appeared again in perfect Glory, the whole Multitude came out to do Sacrifice to these wandring *Divinities*; the *Dr.* was the *Boanerges* of the *Ladies*, the *Fulminans* of the *Party*, and little *Robin ex quovis Ligno fit Mercurius*. The *Ladies* brought their *Hearts*, and some their *Gold Rings*, the *Gentlemen* their *Poultry* and *March Beer*, the *Mob* their *Huzza's*, the *Church* their *Musick*; and indeed it would have Edify'd an *Impenitent Dissenter*, to see with what a pretty Air of indifference he Acted the whole Service; he Ogled the *Ladies*, bowed to the *Gentlemen*, and scatter'd his gracious Smiles upon the whole Multitude; only one *Hostile Chancellor* sat in the *Dean's Seat*, and did not give him place: It was matter of great Scandal to Minds truly scrupulous, to see so little

little regard paid to a Person of his Character; but I doubt this *Chancellor* was something of a *Whig* in his Heart. After Church the *Dr.* and his Friends were Invited to a splendid Entertainment by one of the *Burgeses* for that Place; (for good Eating generally follows such sort of Devotion). Here and at *Warwick*, the *Dr.* vouchsaf'd to touch in Person, offering his Lips with great Condescension to be Kifs'd by the *Ladies*, and his Hand with no less *Decorum* to the *Men*. In the Afternoon our Young *Mercury* Preach'd, tho' I must needs own it was in the *Low-Church*, but no Matter, the Action Sanctifies the Place. The *Sermon* seem'd levell'd against *Slander*, but he made it as plain as the *Doctrine* of *Passive Obedience*, that you may speak ill of your *Governors*, your *Neighbours*, or any body that is not of your side; so that for one *General Rule* he had at least nineteen *Exceptions*; this gained such an Applause from the *Multitude*, that they immediatly fell railing at the *Gentleman* that entertain'd them so kindly, and 'twas generally thought 'twou'd lose him his next *Election*. I hope the *Dr.* had no Hand in it, tho' it is suppos'd they both club'd Understandings. After *Sermon* they receiv'd a Complement from the *Choir*, that there was an *Anthem* design'd on Purpose for them; no *Hostile*

Chancellor appear'd, the *Dr.* was placed in
 the *Dean's Seat*, (happy *Omen* of future
 greatness!) the *Organ* play'd, out came the
 little *Book*, the *Snuff-Box* sublid: Being
 wonderfully delighted with the highest place
 in the *Synagogue*, he put on so pleasant an
 Air that he seem'd almost transfigur'd, and
 certainly he was wrapt up one *Story* higher
 in *Fool's Paradise* than his own *Aminadab*.
 At last the promised *Anthem* began, it
 prov'd the *Psalms* usually read for *Women*
 deliver'd of *Child birth*, all the *Ladies* rejoiced
 in hopes it might be their own *Turn* next,
 and the *Men* could not but rejoyce to see
 their *Wives* in so good a *Humour*; it was
 whisper'd that the *Dr.* had been something
Costive of late, but now found his *Body*
 more soluble; I observ'd some small *Omission*
 against *Lying*, but probably they were
 unwilling to give *Offence* to weak *Brethren*.
 The *Day* ended with *drinking* and *Illumina-*
tions, and gave us a perfect *Model* of a
Church Triumphant. I was oblig'd to leave
Litchfield early next *Morning*, and as the
Dr. lies something late, cou'd not take my
 leave, or return him thanks for his *Favours*;
 and indeed what *Intelligence* I receiv'd since,
 came so broken, that if you please you may
 take it for *Apocrypha*. The first news I met,
 was at *Chester*, from a *Neighbour*, who
 some days after fell in with the *Doctors*
 Train

Train at *Stafford*: He saw the *Dr.* look something out of Sorts, and imputed it to the little regard the *Magistrates* paid him; tho' the *Mob* broke open the *Church-doors* in spite of them, and rung the Bells manfully, but this was by no means in a riotous Manner, because it shew'd their Zeal for the *Church*, and submission to the *Government*: The whole World took notice of the *Doctor's*, *Chagrin*, and a black Patch on his Face; my Friend apply'd himself to a Young Gentleman of a gay Temper; with whom it seems he had some former Acquaintance; he ask'd him the Reason of the *Dr's*. Melancholy, the *Spark* told him if he would Stop till the Company was gone by, he would endeavour to satisfy his Curiosity, and probably, says he, you will find his Looks not altogether without Reason, you cannot but have heard with what profound Ceremony and Respect the *Dr.* was treated at *Litchfield*; he was Complimented by the Chapter on Sunday, on Munday by the *Magistrates*, and a noble Collation prepar'd; the *Dr.* rising something late, was dress'd in haste; the Ladies waited, the *Dr.* in a hurry forgot his Snuff Box, and a Young Rogue of a Footman, a great Intimate of *Andrew's*, that had before begg'd a Pinch of his *Ourangery*, slips into the Chamber, guts the Snuff Box, steals the whole Magazine, and fills it again with

with some *Album Græcum* he had got of a young *Apothecary*, who was likewise in at the Roguery. The *Dr.* Sate out Dinner with some Uneasiness, he knew he wanted something, but could not tell what, till the Company rising, and a *Lady* asking him for a Pinch, he found it was his *Snuff-Box*; *Andrew* was sent in great haste, and his want of Care blam'd; he flew to the Lodgings, brings the *Snuff-Box*; the *Ladies* all Impatient for the first Pinch, put in their Fingers almost all at once, the *Gentlemen* with some Respect after, but all by Way of *Shaccoon* to the *Drs.* Health, put them to their Noses at once; the *Ladies* who had never been used to the Innocent Jest of a *Cockeldymoody*, began to shew their Resentment, some snifted, some blushed, some sneezed, some farted, some laugh'd, and all cry'd *Paugh!* The *Gentlemen* enrag'd, the *Dr.* Astonish'd, all was Confusion; at the last the *Dr.* himself smelt the Cheat, and it is said the Company smelt the *Dr.* who made a precipitate Retreat, mounted his *Palfrey*, left what remained in the *Magazine* to the Servants, and ne're saw *Litchfield* more. He was speedily follow'd by little *Robin*, and his Man *Andrew*, they rode five Miles with the utmost haste and Silence; at last little *Dapple* made a stumble, down came the *Dr.* *Robin's* Horse started, and had almost

almost leap'd over him ; *Andrew*, alighting with great Consternation, took his fallen *Master* from the Ground, Alack a day his pretty Face was a little raz'd ! *Andrew* (who I should have told you had been bred a *Barber-Surgeon*, afterwards turn'd *Mountebank*, and now Acts under the *Dr.*) pulls out his plaister box, takes his Sizzers and cuts the Patch you now see on his Face. I came up in the Critical Minute, and thought at first the *Dr.* had been going to say his Prayers, but finding my Error, I alighted to give him my assistance, and saw the *Looking-glass* in the book broke to Pieces, for you know, Misfortunes seldom come alone. The Patch or Plaister put on, we mounted and came on for *Stafford*, where you met us. My Friend thank'd the Gentleman for his Civility, and could not but think him a little waggish in his Heart. Indeed it has been suspected that the *Doctor* had some *false Brother* about him, who constantly gave Mr. *Dyer* an Account of his Motions ; no Body can suspect it was the *Doctor* himself, and it is incredible his *Achates*, *Robin*, would betray him, and poor *Andrew* had been bred too much a *Gentleman* ever to learn to write or read ; so that I fancy Mr. *Dyer* held Intelligence with this *Spark*, which prov'd so useful to him, all the Summer ; when a *Foreign Mail* was wanting, he with an old Story

ry out of a *Gazette*, a new one of the *Doctor*; a Piece of Persecution of Mr. *Greensfield* from *Edinburgh*, and a scurrilous Reflection or two of his own on the *Ministry*, could toss up a *Ragoo* fit for the *Pallate* of any Fool that knew how to pay for it. Here the *Doctor's* *Motions* prov'd a little *Eccentrick*, and my Friend who was in haste for *Chester Fair*, took his Leave; but he was told his Business was to Christen a Child about ten Miles out of the Way, which he graciously adopted into his own Family, and its hop'd the Boy may one Day come to be *King of the Gypsies*. The next News we heard of the *Doctor* was from *Wrexham* the *Capital of Wales*; here the Jade Fortune play'd the *False Sister* again; he had not had the Comfort of one Pinch of *Ourangery*, since he left *Litchfield*; and therefore, having stop'd at the best Inn, and being furrounded by a Crowd of Adorers, he sent *Andrew* to enquire for some of the best Snuff: *Andrew* immediately mounts little *Dapple*, (who had not hurt his Knees much) and gave his own to the *Hostler*, then gallop'd all over the Town to find out the best *Apothecary*, some admir'd the Shape of the *Horse*, others thought *Andrew* the prettiest Beast of the Two, but for my own part I must give it for *Dapple*. Oh! had I the Hand of *Phydias* or *Praxatilles*, *Dapple* shou'd for ever live in *Parian Marble*; the Dr. on his
Back,

Back, his *Snuff-Box* in his Hand, little *Robin* with a just *Decorum* at his Stirrup, and *Andrew* at his due Distance behind ; Then would I place them on the *Conduit* in *Cornhill*, as an eternal *Monument* of the *Gratitude* of that great *Metropolis*. But since my Skill fails me, I will yoke him with *old Sorrel*, and add him to the *Bulls*, *Bears*, *Scorpions*, and other polite *Monsters* of the *Ancients*. But to return to my Story, *Andrew* having ransac'd the whole *Town*, and not found the Shop he wanted, ask'd at last whether there was any *Apothecary* in *Town* ; it was a Word never heard of in *Wales* ; at last one of the Company who had been in *England* said sure he wants the *Dr.* and shew'd him a corner House just cross the Square ; the *Dr.* who had seen his House pointed at, suspecting there was a *Bailiff* in the Case, slipt out of the Back-door, and order'd his *Boy* to bolt the Shop-Hatch, which he did, and stood Centry to guard it ; *Andrew* comes up, and asks for the *Master*, it was told him he was not at home, he then ask'd him for some *Ourangery* ; the *Boy* (concluding it to be some *South-Wales* Word) said he did not understand him ; *Andrew* told him it was a fine Powder, and clap'd his Hand to his Nose ; the *Boy* apprehending he knew what he meant, went to the Drawer and fill'd the *Box* with the best *Flower of*
C *Brimstone* ;

Brimstone ; the People astonish'd to see the glittering Engine of *Conversion*, surrounded *Andrew*, who shew'd it with all the Artifice imaginable ; some admir'd the Matter, some the Workmanship, all the grateful Mein with which 'twas shewn ; *Andrew* ravish'd with the Acclamations of the Multitude, cou'd not forbear opening the Box, every one run in for a Pinch, and all knew the Scent too well, not to suspect there was some Wagery in it ; the *Dr.* who from the Windows beheld the loud Acclamations of the Multitude, thought with old *Clinias* in *Arcadia* :

*If my Man such Honour have,
Then what have I, that keep the Kneave.*

But now seeing the sudden Change, could not but wonder at the Cause, the whole Populace was in a Ferment for the Affront offer'd to their Nation ; the *Gentlemen* at the Window with the *Dr.* began to suspect some Body had ty'd a Leek to a Dog's Tail, and affronted the Memory of *St. Taffy*, others thought they were trying the *Doctor* over again by his Representative *Andrew*, some thought the *Ghost* of the *Conformity Bill* began to walk, and indeed it look'd most like the latter, for it was observ'd that every one scratch'd where he lik'd

lik'd best; some their Ears, some their Fingers, some their A—s, and the Women where they itch'd most; never was Mistake so fatal, or such a *Hurrican* blown up, as none but *Garib*, raising the *Devil* out of *Blackmore*, or the *Doctor*, proving the *Church in Danger*, cou'd have describ'd: *Andrew*, to give him his Due, stood his Ground firmly, whilst the loud Artillery of the Tongue play'd, nay even the Booms of Piss-Pots did not dismay him, tho' sometimes heavily charg'd; but when they began to ply him with their small Arms, rotten Eggs, Turnips, Sticks, Stones, Cow-Dung, &c. he manfully emptied his *Snuff-Box* in an old Woman's Face, who had bleer Eyes, and wrote a perfect Cure, and then giving his *Pegasus* a Curvet,

*He spurs his Palfry, and out-strips the Wind,
Leaving the Doctor, and the Mob behind.*

The Doctor who all this while was in the utmost Consternation, after some Reflections upon the Matter, concluded they had certainly found out that he was the Author of the Poem call'd *Muscipula*, and expected immediately to be *Dewitted*, being under a dismal Apprehension of undergoing that Punishment himself, he had so often wish'd might fall

upon King *William*. But there happen'd at that time not to be one *Latine Scholar* in the *Parish*, so that they had never heard of the *Muscipula*, and happy it was for him that his Suspicions were groundless, otherwise he had certainly been tore to Pieces; not all his great Services for the *Church* cou'd have made an Attonement for his vilifying the Memory of *St. Taffy*, but he who had so luckily escap'd out of the Hands of so many false Brethren, had inevitably fell a Sacrifice to the Fury of those of his own Party. However as it would have been very improper to have staid to enquire into the Matter, so he had great Reason to fear the worst, and therefore resolv'd to attempt to get privately out of the Town a back way, and if possible make his Escape from amongst them. In Order thereto he immediately leaves the Company, as pretending to go down upon some necessary Occasions, and *Robin*, betwixt whom and the *Dr.* there was a sort of a *Mutual Consciousness* follow'd him with the utmost Precipitation, and 'tis said they made such haste to be gone, that they forgot to pay the reck'ning, but this I cannot positively averr, because here Fame her self grew Dumb, nay even Mr. *Dyer* was silent after what manner they made their Retreat; but by their appearing again so quickly, it's plain

plain they escap'd with a whole Skin. How they afterwards met with *Andrew*, how they rallied again, how they were dumbell'd thro' *Worcester*, how the Bells rung backward at *Perfbore*, how they scap'd the *Sheriff* of *Wilts*, at *Marlborough*, who design'd to do them some Honour in their own Country, and lastly with what Ceremony the *Sheriff* of *Oxfordshire* deliver'd them up to their own College, would employ a Pen more Poetick than mine; I shall therefore change my Discourse, and conclude my tedious Letter with a comical Accident that happen'd at *Chester* Fair: As we were riding thro' the deep Lanes about three Miles from *Chester*, we saw a Country Fellow who had just taken an overgrown *Urchin* or *Hedge Hog*, he seem'd overjoy'd and shew'd us the Monster, we ask'd him what he intended to do with it, he answer'd, believe me Master, if some honest Gentleman would stand by me, I could turn a Penny this Fair; we ask'd him how, he answer'd, he was once at *London*, and there he saw a Creature they call'd a *Porcupine*, not much bigger than this, and he fancy'd this might pass in the Country for a young *Porcupine*: We gave the Fellow all the Encouragement we could, not doubting but he might get a good beating for his Pains. Away trudges the
Fellow

Fellow to *Chester*, takes a large Out-house, gets him a Trumpet, and sounds it merrily round the Town over Night; early next Morning he cleans his Stie, dresses it with Boughs, and about nine a Clock sallies forth with his Trumpet, as he left the House, he calls for his Landlord, and told him, I am going to call in Company, pray let my *Porcupine* be ready at Eleven, I warrant you Master, says the Landlord, who was vex'd at the Cheat the Rascal was going to put on the Fair, and thought it might be a Scandal to his House. Out goes the Fellow, sounds his Trumpet, makes his *O Yes!* Who sees my *Porcupine*? a wonderful strange Creature, lately come out of *Africa*, which can shoot his Quills through an inch Board! It has the Head of a *Goose*, the Tongue of an *Asp*, the Hand of a *Monkey*, the Peezle of a *Bull*, and the Foot of a *Bear*, who sees my *Porcupine*! This wonderful Creature alarm'd the whole Multitude, and all the Fair was in an Up-roar; Notice was given to the Judges of the Court of *Pipowders* who immediately detach'd out their Officers to enquire into the Cause of this Disturbance, and to apprehend the Ringleaders, in order to bring them to Justice; pursuant to their Commands, they sally'd into the Midst of the Crowd, and having learnt the Occasion of the *Hub-*
bub

but, they attempted to seize upon the Rustick, but as often as they went to lay Hands on him, they were repuls'd with loud Acclamations by the *Mobile*, who were resolv'd all of them rather to die upon the Spot, than suffer their beloved Idol to fall into the Hands of Justice: After many fruitless Attempts, and several broken Heads, the Officers despairing of Success, return'd back again to those that sent them, who upon their Report thought it more adviseable to suffer so worthless and inconsiderable a Fellow to escape unpunish'd, than venture the Displeasure of the Multitude, and run the Risque of being Mob'd themselves. The *Boor* wonderfully elated with this Success, exactly at Twelve returns to his Inn with a full Train; entring the Gate he calls aloud for my Landlord, out he comes with his Hands all bloody; well Landlord, says *Roger*, is my *Porcupine* ready; ready with a Pox to it! says my Landlord, I have uncas'd it at last, but it has prick'd my Fingers most damnably; my Wife is just putting it on the Spit, but I forgot to ask what Sauce you would have to it; Sauce! says a Rustick that stood by, with a great Oath, have you never heard the old Proverb, *What's Sauce for a Goose, is Sauce for a Gander*; but take my Word for't

for't, he'll stick in your Teeth con-
foundedly, if he be not foundly basted.
These are some of the Remarks I have
made in my Summer's Ramble; the rest
I shall reserve till I am satisfy'd that these
find your Acceptance. In the mean time
I beg leave to subscribe my self,

Your most humble Servant

Oct. 1. 1710.

and Kinsman,

F. B.

F I N I S.

